

# MARVELOUS VICTORY OVER DISEASE

## PSYCHOPATHIC DOCTORS

Have Proved Their Natural Means and Modern Methods Are a Sure Relief and Permanent Cure for Every Natural Ill That Flesh Is Heir To.

Their Public Healing in Warner Hall the Last Two Weeks Convinced Many That All Manner of Diseases Can Be Controlled Without Drugs or Surgeons' Knives.

Their Private Offices at Windsor Hotel, 52 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Will Be Kept Open Some Time.

Consultations, Examinations and Advice Free Until February 20, 1909, in Office.

Many thousands read, heard or witnessed the marvelous results obtained in a few moments of time on hundreds of subjects who were treated on the public platform in full view of large and intensely interested audiences. Even skeptics were thoroughly convinced that the benefit derived by most every individual fortunate enough to receive treatment was most remarkable, and was nothing less than miraculous. As a result of this convincing proof of the real efficacy of psychological treatment, great numbers are flocking to the psychopathic doctors' offices, where they have more time to enter into the details of difficult cases.

Here every case is carefully examined and if a cure is possible, you are as sure of it as you are of the sun rising. If, however, you are beyond relief, no amount of money would induce these doctors to accept your case.

Fully nine out of every ten who are treated by them are cured, the greatest number only requiring a few treatments.

This fact remains undisputed. The gift of healing is a power which but few men possess, and like the gift of oratory and music, it must remain in the possession of but a few.

An old gentleman, who has been blind for many years and could not see a particle, did not know if it was dark or light, in the hall, was given a few minutes' treatment and to the great surprise of the audience, was able to describe ladies and gentlemen in front of a seat and describe the hall and could see the windows of the hall.

A lady who had been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism for some time was helped onto the platform.

In less than five minutes she was relieved of all pain and left rejoicing.

Another lady, suffering from spinal disease, was assisted to the platform. In a few minutes she was relieved that she fairly cried with joy.

A lady who had been deaf for ten years had her hearing restored in five minutes.

A lady who had been blind for ten years had her sight restored in five minutes.

A lady who suffered four years from neuralgia was relieved of all pain in a moment of time.

A child who was unable to stand or walk for about five years not only was made to stand, but began running around the platform with such rapidity that it excited the audience.

A man about sixty years old had all the stiffness of age, as well as all his rheumatic pains relieved in a few minutes' time.

An old man who could not make a single step without his cane was given a few minutes' treatment and to the greatest astonishment to the public he not only abandoned his cane, but walked out the hall without it.

A gentleman who was treated for the worst form of sciatic rheumatism described his crutches after receiving a three minute treatment and is today walking without even a cane.

A very interesting case of blindness was that of a young boy about eight years of age. Dr. Blumer held his hands before his eyes in a bright light. The boy declared he could not see it. He was then treated for a few minutes. As the doctor held his hands before him, the young boy cried out "I see your hand," and as the doctor dropped one finger at a time the boy who had been blind counted them easily. He was also distinguished from men to women. The audience was so startled that the applause kept up for some time. Many persons congratulated the doctor after the clinic.

Column after column of this paper could be filled with a truthful report of the most wonderful cures ever made in Bridgeport. These clinics were given for the purpose of demonstrating beyond a doubt the truthfulness of psychopathic theory, that there is scarcely a disease that cannot be permanently cured by the use of psychological and natural methods along the whole category of human life, such as catarrh, pulmonary complaints, liver and kidney troubles, paralysis and all diseases of the nervous system, tumors and goitres removed without the knife or the loss of a drop of blood, all stomach disturbances, spinal and cerebral disorders, female weakness in all forms, such as rheumatic gout, inflammatory rheumatism, swelling and inflammation of the joints, deafness and all diseases of the ear and eye. No matter what the trouble may be, there is hope as long as the Psychopathic Specialists are in Bridgeport.

Those who witnessed the public healing in Warner hall this week were convinced by what they saw that the results obtained by this wonderful system of healing disease without the use of dangerous poisonous medicines were truly astonishing.

Now is your opportunity of testing to your entire satisfaction the most thorough and successful system of healing disease without dangerous drugs known to the world. It matters not what your disease is or your condition, you are cordially invited to call at the Psychopathic Doctors' private offices, Windsor Hotel, 52 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., where they expect to remain some time and will give consultation FREE from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. daily, until February 20.

The Revolution in Medical Practice, from Dr. Blumer is now sold in Hays & Bette Book Store, 353 Main Street.

## Women's Ailments

are many and peculiar. At times they so disorganize the system that the general health is impaired and weakened. When women feel nervous and debilitated, or suffer with sick headache and depression,

## Beecham's Pills

will promptly relieve these unpleasant symptoms, and do much toward restoring healthy conditions to the various organs. For backache, dizzy spells, feeble blood, stomach weakness, constipation and other distressing ailments, Beecham's Pills are a reliable preventive and

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is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size, 50 cts. at Drugists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. The Physicians, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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## BOARD OF RELIEF

Notice is hereby given that the board of Relief of the City of Bridgeport will meet at the Assessors' Office, City Hall, for the purpose of hearing appeals made from the findings of the board of Assessors. Hearings will be held on the following dates in February, to wit:

Monday, February 1, Wednesday, February 3, Friday, February 5, Monday, February 8, Wednesday, February 10 and Friday, February 12 from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. and on the evenings of Wednesday, February 3 and Friday, February 12 from 7 to 9 P. M.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 20th day of January, 1909.

W. A. LEWIS, CHAS. J. BYRNES, OWEN BURNS, JOHN C. CURTIS, Board of Relief.

A 20 to B 11

Advertise in the Farmer.

# Jane Cable

... By ...  
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,  
Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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Jane played softly, lifelessly. She on the other hand, was wondering what Graydon would think or say if she spoke to him of what she had seen. She wondered if he would blame her mother as she was beginning to blame his father.

"Mother won't be down to dinner," she finally said.

"Is she ill?" he asked after a moment.

"She is lying down. Margaret will take some tea up to her."

Father and daughter had but little to say to each other during the meal. Their efforts at conversation were perfunctory, commonplace, an unusual state of affairs, of which neither took notice.

"You look tired, father. Has it been a hard day?"

"A rather trying one, Jane. We're having some trouble with the business out west. Trying up everything that we are rushing to the Philippines."

"It is settled that you are to be made president?"

"It looks like it." There followed a long silence. "By the way, I have good news for you. Mr. Clegg told me today that they are going to take Graydon into the firm. Isn't it great? Really, it is quite remarkable. You are not the only person, it seems, who thinks a lot of that boy."

"A partner? Really? Oh, isn't it glorious? I knew he could—I told him he'd be a partner before long." She waited a moment and then added, "His father was here today for a cup of tea." Cable caught the slightly altered tone and looked up. She was trifling with her fork, palpably preoccupied.

"I'm—I'm sorry I missed him," said he, watching her closely.

"You like him very much, don't you, father?"

"Certainly, and I'm sure your mother does." The fork shook in her fingers and then dropped upon the plate. She looked up in confusion. Cable's eyes were bent upon her intently, and she had never seen so queer a light in them. Scarcely more than the fraction of a second passed before he lowered his gaze, but the mysterious telegraphy of the mind had shot the message of comprehension from one to the other. He saw with horror that the girl at least suspected the true situation. A moment later he arose abruptly and announced that he would run up to see her mother before setting down to some important work in his den.

"Graydon is coming over tonight," she said. "We'll be very quiet and try not to disturb you. Don't work too hard, daddy dear."

Upstairs Frances Cable was battling with herself in supreme despair. Confession was on her lips a dozen times, but courage failed her. When she heard his footsteps in the hallway she was ready to cry out the truth to him and end the suspense. As he opened the door to enter the spirit of openness turned frail and fled before the appeal of procrastination. "Wait, wait, wait!" cried the powerful weakness in her heart, and it conquered. She could not tell him then. Tomorrow—the next day, yes, but not then. It was too much to demand of herself, after all.

He came in, but left a few minutes later. She was strangely unresponsive to his tender inquiries. Her thoughts were of another was his quick conclusion as he fled from her presence before the harsh accusations could break from his eyes.

In his den once more, with the door closed, he gave himself up completely to black thoughts. He recalled his words to her, uttered years ago, half in jest and half in earnest. He had horrified her beyond expression by telling her how he would punish a wife if he were the husband she deceived. With a grim, lurid smile he remembered the penalty. He had said he would not kill; he would disfigure the woman frightfully and permit her to live as a moral example to other wives. For an hour he sat and wondered what had been the feelings of his old friend George Driscoll just before he deliberately slew his faithless wife. He remembered saying to other friends at the time that Driscoll had "done right."

This night of black shadows—he did not sleep at all—was really the beginning of the end. He forgot the presidency that was to be handed out to him. He forgot everything but the horrid cancer that gnawed into his heart and brain.

Day and night he gnawed in silent agony, a prey to the savage jealousy that grew and grew until it absorbed all other emotions. Scandal, divorce, dishonor, murder, swept before the mind of this man who had been of the people and who could not condone. The people kill.

For a week he waited and watched and suffered. What he knew of men told him that they do not devote themselves to the wives of others with honorable motives behind them. He convinced himself that he knew the world; he had seen so much of it. The man aged years in that single week of jealousy and suspense. His face went haggard; his eyes took on a strange gleam; his manner was that of a man in grave trouble.

Day after day this pitiless, frenzied man who swayed thousands with his hand stooped to deal with the smallest movements of one man and one woman. Despite his most intense desire to drive himself into other and higher channels, he found himself skulking and spying and conniving with but one low end in view.

He employed every acute sense in the effort to justify his suspicions. Time and again he went home at unusual hours, fearing all the while that he might incur the pain of finding Bansemer there. He even visited the man

in his office, always rejoicing in the fact that he found him there at the time. He watched the mail in the morning; he planned to go out of nights and then hurried home deliberately, but unexpectedly. Through it all he said no word to Frances Cable or Jane. He asked no questions, but he was being beaten down by apprehensions all the while.

His wife's manner convinced him that all was not well with her. She avoided being alone with him, keeping close to her room. He detected a hundred pretexts by which she managed to escape his simplest advances.

At last, overpowered by the strain, he began to resort to cunning—this man who was big enough to have gone from the engine cab to the president's office. It required hours of struggle with his father, nobler nature to bring himself low enough to do trickery, but the natural influence mastered. He despised himself for the trick, but he would know the truth.

The late afternoon mail one day brought to Mrs. Cable a brief letter, typewritten both inside and out. David Cable saw her open and read the missive, and he saw her trembling hand go to her throat and then to her temple. Her back was toward him. He could not see her face until she turned, a full minute later. Then it was calm and undisturbed, but her eyes were brilliant. He ground his teeth and tore upstairs without a word. David Cable had stooped low enough to write this letter, and he was paying for it.

He knew the contents far better than she knew them. The letter purported to be an urgent appeal from James Bansemer, asking her to meet him at 8 o'clock that night. It said:

"I must see you tonight. Leave your home at 8 o'clock for a short call on Mrs. W., just around the corner. I will meet you across the Drive, near the sea wall. It is quite dark there."

David Cable did not know that earlier in the afternoon James Bansemer had called her up by phone to say that he intended to speak to his son the following day unless word came to him from her, nor could he have possibly known that she was now determined to tell the whole story to her husband and to trust to his mercy. He only knew that he had written the letter and that he had told her of his intention to go downtown immediately after dinner.

HE dark, muffled figure of a man leaned against a section of the old wall that edged the lake—the figure of a man who prayed with all his soul that his vigil might be in vain. If she came, all was over.

He was not armed. He had thrown his revolver away a week before. His only desire now was to learn the extent of her duplicity. If she obeyed the call of the letter then there could be no doubt that she was coming at the call of the lover. His hands twitched, and he shivered as if with a dreadful chill. His heart was shouting a warning to her, but his head was urging her to come and have done with it all.

He was there early—long before the hour named in the decoy. His eyes were left the sidewalk that ran past his own home, but a short distance from the Drive. They stared without blinking across the dark border through the circle of light from the arc lamp and far into the shadows of blackness beyond. It was very dark where he stood. The lake had battered through the sea wall for many rods at this particular point, and no one ventured out beyond the bridge path for fear of slipping down into the cavities that had been washed out by the waves. His station was on the edge of the piles of stone and cement that had been tossed up to await the pleasure of the park commissioners.

For awhile he tried to take Jane's future into consideration, but it was impossible to substitute anything before his own wrongs. David Cable was not the kind of man who would go on living with a faithless wife for the sake of appearance. He was not an apologist. Time and circumstance and the power of true love would adjust the affair of Jane and Graydon Bansemer. This was his affair. Time could not adjust it for him.

At last he saw a woman's figure hurrying down the street. The wild, eager hope that the light from the electric lamp would prove it to be other than that of his wife was quickly dispelled. His worst fears were true. His Frances, his wife of more than a score of years, his pretty sweetheart through all those days, was false to him! As he fell back against the wall something seemed to snap in his breast; a groan of misery arose to his lips.

With eyes which saw red with rage and anguish, he watched the hesitating approach of the woman. She stopped at the corner and looked up and down the Drive, peering intently into the dark shadows by the lake. The sky was overcast. No stars peeped through its blackness. With uncertain, halting steps she crossed the boulevard, still glancing about as if in search of some one. He moved for-

ward unconsciously, almost blindly, and she caught a glimpse of his tall, dark figure. He was not unlike Bansemer in height and carriage. As she drew near, his legs trembled and tears of despair flooded his eyes.

A savage desire to grasp her by the throat and hurl her into the waters beyond the break came over him with irresistible power. Then came the pitiable collapse which conquered the murderous impulses and left him weak and broken for the moment. With a sob he turned and leaned upon the wall, his back to her, his face buried in his tense arms—crushed, despaired, dishonored! Kill her? The horror of it swept his brain clear for an instant. Kill his pretty Frances? Kill Jane's mother? How could he think of it?

It was a long time before the wretched man knew that she was standing close behind him and was speaking to him. The sound of her voice came through the noise of his pounding heart as if it were far away and gentle. But what was it that she was saying? Her voice was angry, suppressed, condemning.

"You may take it or refuse it, just as you please," were the first words his turbulent senses distinguished. "I can pay no more than that for your silence. The other is impossible. I will not discuss it again with you." She paused as if waiting for him to respond.

"Tonight I shall tell my husband everything—the whole story. I cannot endure the suspense any longer. I will not live in fear of you another hour. My only reason for coming out here tonight is to plead with you to spare your son and Jane. I am not asking anything for myself. It would break Jane's heart if Graydon should refuse to marry her. You must have a heart somewhere in that!" But the words became jumbled in the ears of her listener. From time to time his mind grasped such sentences as these, paralyzing in their bitterness: "I have the letters of adoption. David will not believe what you say. He loves me, and he loves Jane. I am willing to pay all that I have to keep it from Graydon and Jane. But I intend to tell my husband. I will not deceive him any longer. He will understand, even though he should hate me for it. He will love Jane, although she is not his own child."

David Cable seemed frozen to the spot. His brain was clearing; he was grasping the full importance of every sentence that rushed from her impassioned lips. The last appalling words fell like the blow of a club in the hands of a powerful man. He was dazed, stunned, senseless. It seemed to him that his breath had ceased to come and that his whole body had turned to stone. His wide staring eyes saw nothing ahead of him.

"Well, what have you to say?" she was demanding. "Why have you asked me to come out here? You have my final answer. What have you to say? Are you going to tell Graydon that Jane is not our child? I must know."

"Not our child?" came from the pale lips of David Cable, so low and lifeless that the sound was lost in the swish of the water below. The intermittent red signal in the lighthouse far out in the lake blinked back at him, but to him it was a steady, vivid glare.

"Do you hear me? I have lied to my husband for the last time!" There was almost a tone of victory in the voice now. "Do you hear me? You don't dare. David will not believe you. He will believe me!"

A terrible oath choked back the hopeful words in the woman's throat. Murder had come back into the man's heart.

"You lie!" "David!" "Yes, it's David! Lie! Whose child is she? Tell me!" "David! David! For God's sake, hear me! There was no wrong, I swear it!"

"She's not my child and there's no wrong!" The sardonic laugh that followed was that of a raging maniac. "You've fooled me, you fiend! You devil!"

At that word and with one look at her husband's terribly distorted features, Frances Cable shrank back with a single terrified cry, turned from him and fled madly for her life. With the spring of the wild beast, Cable rushed after her.

after her, cursing her with every breath. In a few yards he had almost reached her, his hands outstretched to grasp her neck. But at that instant the frightened woman's strength suddenly gave away. Her knees received the fall of the limp body. For a second she seemed huddled in a posture of prayer, then toppled over, slipped easily forward through a fissure in the wall and plunged headforemost into the chugging waters below.

In the lives even of the best men there are moments when the human instincts are annihilated and supplanted by those of the beast. Likewise have there been instances in which the bravest have been tried in the furnace and found wanting, while, conversely, the supposedly cowards have proved to be heroes. Therefore since no two situations can occur at a different time and yet have precisely similar conditions, it behooves us to forbear judging, lest we be judged, and to approach the following incident in this man's career as if we ourselves dwelt under a covering of glass.

(To be Continued.)

Wants To Rent, For Sale, Ac., 1 cent a word in Farmer Want Column.

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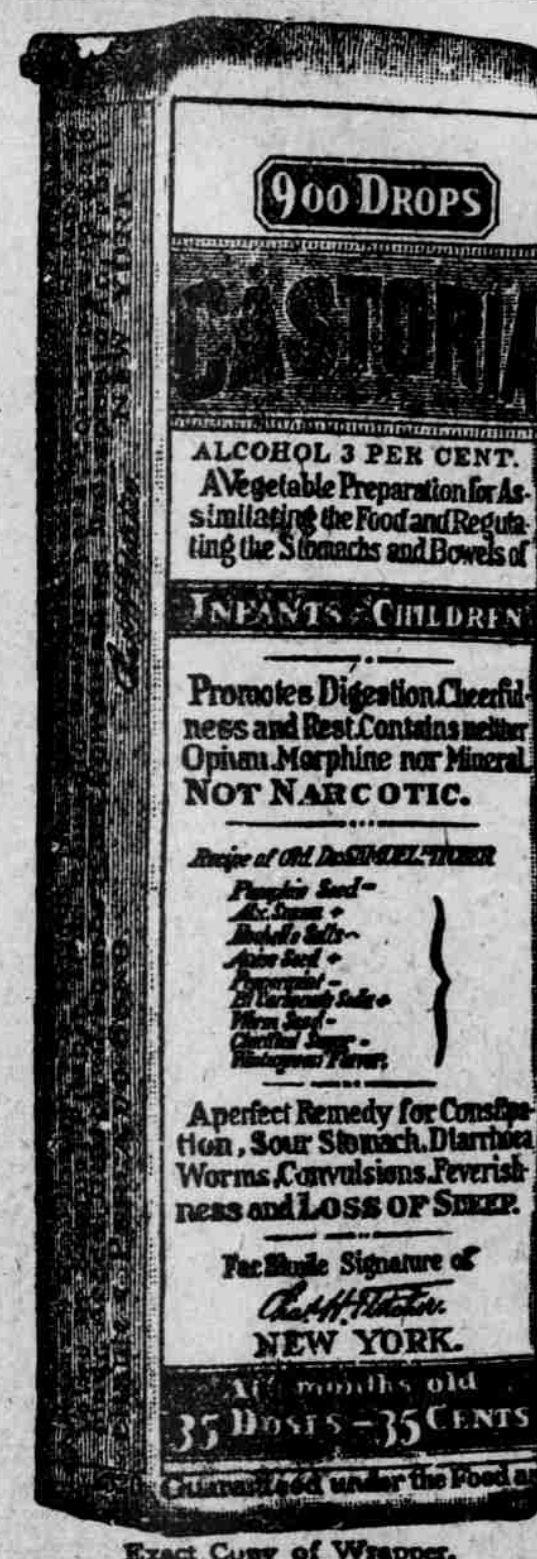
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